

# THE ANTI-TEAPOT REVIEW.

—♦♦♦—  
No. XIII.—MAY 15TH, 1867.  
—♦♦♦—

## LEGISLATION FOR PUTNEY.

THE University Boat Race has been once more won by Oxford. We do not assert for an instant that Cambridge has been ignominiously defeated; but we do say that the love of boating has fallen off in our sister university, and that, notwithstanding the remarks of Pall Mall *dilettanti* about "catching the beginning," or as the writers more correctly put it in their effusions this year—"catch *at* the beginning"—the Cambridge University Boat Club has more difficulties to contend with than most men imagine. Mr. Griffiths and his crew exhibited a marked improvement on any Cambridge Eight which has been at Putney for years; and we have no doubt that the Cantabs will, by their steady adherence to a fixed purpose, again carry off the blue ribbon of the Thames on a future occasion. A series of defeats is no matter of astonishment to boating men. Oxford lost the race for five years in succession; and, if Cambridge were to lose for ten years following, we should see no remarkable sign of the times, or consider their rowing a bit worse than it was when Oxford came in second and Cambridge first. The disparaging remarks which have been made by those who side with the victorious have no weight with us. The race this year was as good—and to our mind better than—any race which has ever been rowed at Putney. Harry Sydney has composed a capital song, written in a "quiet sort of way" which has for the burden of its chorus, *palmam qui meruit ferat*. Mr. Sydney holds, as all impartial men must hold, that the best crew won; and we heartily recommend our friends who want a good boating song, with a good swinging chorus, to obtain Mr. Sydney's last composition on the boat race. All, and more than was



necessary, has been written concerning the merits of the rival crews; and we think it would reflect highly on the credit of journalism if its reporters refrained from offering their worthless opinions till the race has actually taken place. Of what importance is it to non-betting men to be told that "the betting is six to four on Oxford," or *vice versa*. Everybody knows that the *esprit de corps* in each University is so strong that an Oxonian and a Cantab will back his own colours through thick and thin, and that the probabilities of accident, &c., are so great, that no boat-race, cricket, or billiard match can ever be backed at the odds we have quoted.

But there is a stronger objection to the fact of having the betting quoted daily in the papers. The vast majority of attendants at the boat race do not bet at all; and we think that the peace of parents' anxious minds is unnecessarily disturbed by being gulled into the supposition that gambling is the main object of the promoters of sheer trials of skill, pluck, and endurance. The sooner the betting element is altogether eliminated from our system the higher we shall stand in the eyes of our neighbours. That Frenchmen have taken frantically to the turf, and rush on madly into betting transactions, is a subject of regret to those who know their impulsive nature, and the small powers of self-control possessed by them as a nation. We are aware that Englishmen have set the example; and, if foreigners have been slow to imitate, it is to be hoped they will profit by the sad experience gained by us. We, as Anti-Teapots, are opposed to all strait-laced asceticism and false morality; but the betting system in England has worked so much misery, and has spread like wild-fire from master to servant, that it is high time some protest were raised against it.

As to the boat race, none can forget the dreary morning on which it was rowed, and no one who was on board the steamers can be insensible to the fact that the river regulations and the river police are, as the law at present stands, powerless to all practical purposes. Year after year the steamers have increased and multiplied; and, unless some strict regulations be enforced, we shall inevitably hear of some dreadful accident and loss of life at Putney. We know that the steamer chartered by Harvey, the Oxford University waterman, in company with another, stopped the race, and kept the crews shivering in the cold for nearly half an hour, and that till Mr. Griffiths himself addressed the captains, and told them that the race would not be rowed till all steamers were in the rear of the eights, the start was prevented, not by Harvey, as some, including Mr. Chitty, thought,

but through the stubbornness of the captains, and the powerlessness of the river police to make the boats go back. We exonerate Harvey from all blame, and we trust that the threat which we heard Mr. Chitty give out in public (it would have been fairer to give it in private), viz., that there would be a requisition for Harvey's dismissal, has not been carried out.

We should not have introduced the name of the umpire at all, as we know him to be most impartial in his decisions, a good oar, a perfect scholar and gentleman. He was, however, hardly treated by the steamers, and prevented from witnessing a part of the race. The steamer chartered by Harvey was undoubtedly the chief offender, and Mr. Chitty was justly "riled" when he "slanged" the Oxford Waterman; those on the banks shared the sentiments so freely expressed by him; but the captain of the boat, not Harvey, was in the wrong, and the steward of the Oxford University Boat Club can corroborate our testimony, as he was on board, and heard all that passed. We admire Mr. Chitty's righteous indignation, but at the same time we are certain that he vented it on the wrong person.

But, to prevent loss of life, to say nothing of the unnecessary annoyance to the rival crews, we think a special act of Parliament ought to be passed which would not only limit the number of steamers to attend the race, but empower the river police to keep the Thames between Putney and Mortlake perfectly clear for at least one hour on one day in the year. There will be objections to this suggestion; but, as the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race is a national event, we think the nation has a right to expect a little power and much capacity from the public administration. The loss of an hour's traffic on the Thames would be more than compensated for by the fact that two valiant crews are free from the molestation of the obstreperous captains of steamers; and the safety of the public positively demands that the river police should have, on an emergency, full power to protect the gradually increasing visitors to Putney from dangers which must inevitably prove greater in proportion to the interest excited by the race. It would be a graceful act on the part of Mr. Gathorne Hardy, if he, in addition to his numerous official engagements, undertook, in his capacity as member for the University of Oxford, the passing of a special bill for the regulation of the Thames between Putney and Mortlake; and we are certain that Whigs and Tories, Conservatives, Radicals, Irish Liberals, and enlightened Jews, would back him up in effecting a change, which is now absolutely necessary.

## THE PROSPECTS OF AGITATORS.

THE present position of public agitators must be a source of great anxiety to their friends. Their occupation is rapidly slipping away; and before long the contributions of their supporters will be a precarious means of subsistence. A few months ago, quiet and orderly people were getting alarmed at the seditious language and violent threats of disappointed adventurers. Timid landowners were hourly expecting a redistribution of property, and Church people were looking forward to the speedy establishment of Calvinistic Protestantism. But now all is changed. They have learned to laugh at their fears, and the most tremendous harangues provoke only a smile.

On the political world this change is very striking. What has happened to Mr. Bright? How is it that his orations no longer interest his friends or exasperate his enemies? His intellectual powers are not impaired; his language is as coarse, his intolerance as great, his imputations as mean as they ever were. Yet his words have lost their charm, and a scanty audience hears him without enthusiasm. Alas! the arch-agitator has fallen—has fallen. The Reform League, too, is sinking deeper and deeper in public disfavour. Working-men, disgusted at its folly and arrogance, are everywhere disowning it as a true representative of their opinions; and its absurd claim to represent the “people” has been tardily abandoned. The weekly meetings in Trafalgar Square are attended by a few street boys and roughs; and the latter on each occasion grow scarcer, because there are no respectable people to be robbed and bonneted. The recent demonstrations—and notably that of May 6th—have been miserable failures. Whether the invitation has been to march in procession through the most crowded thoroughfares, for the purpose of defying the Government, inconveniencing the respectable, and depriving the industrious of a day’s work, or to assemble in huge halls for the more innocent amusement of listening to stump oratory, the result has been similar. The processions have been attended by less than half the number that was expected, the open-air demonstrations have been attended by those who went for the fun of the thing, and the halls have been almost deserted.

What has become of the Jamaica Committee? Its own counsel has insisted upon its existence being ignored. It has swallowed itself. The Jamaica Committee has dwindled down to Mr. Shaen, its hired attorney. That Mr. Eyre would ever be offered as a

victim to satiate the bloodthirstiness of a mysterious negro-loving body, no one for a moment expected. That the judgment of any colonial governor can be perfect no one ever ventured to assert, but the indignation naturally felt at such a man ever having been subjected to the waspish persecution of negrophilists may be appeased by remembering that the noblest animal must sometimes be tormented with flies.

Nor are religious agitators in a more flourishing condition. Where are the Ultra-Protestants? Alas! the Bishop of Oxford, notwithstanding the disastrous charge of the Reading Two Hundred, is not dismissed. Lord Shaftesbury's Bill will inevitably be abandoned. The promised Royal Commission has not yet been appointed; and a rumour is abroad that Mr. Mackonochie is to be left alone. This must be sad news for the Protestant Association. Edward Harper, Esq., may denounce and implore, curse and pray; but "Popish rites and Romish ceremonies" are still persevered in. The enormity of these practices may be sufficient to call down the vengeance of Heaven, but no fire has yet descended, and Ritualism is not punished by a plague.

And, to complete the list, the days of Trades Unions are numbered. Honest workmen, both in England and abroad, may look forward to a time when they will no longer be obliged to say, "*We dare not work.*" The skilful will soon be allowed to receive more wages than the unskilful, and industry will no longer be rewarded in the same manner as idleness. In a short time we may hope to look upon trades union outrages as things of the past, incompatible with modern civilization.

The sudden collapse of these public shams is very cheering. We feel almost inclined to indulge a hope, that a time may come when impostors shall be no more. For the present, however, let us rejoice at the triumph we have achieved, and at the healthy tone of the public mind. The English people, though very liable to be imposed upon, and ever ready to run off upon a false track, soon recover their senses; and it is long before they fall again into a similar error. Public agitators spring up in all ages, have a short career in popular favour, and then fall back into native obscurity. No one mourns their loss, and few are permanently hurt by their teaching. It is our duty to expedite their natural end.

## IO IN EGYPT.

Was it a dream of the Argive land  
 Came just now like a mist over me,  
 Blotting out from me the tracts of sand  
 And the mighty Nile flowing down to the sea,  
 Bringing me back to my childish home  
 And the deep, deep shade of the cypress tree?

There with my maidens I sat once more  
 Hid from the sun by that cypress shade;  
 The Dryads tripped from the forest hoar,  
 And the Satyrs and Fauns around us played;  
 On his reed-flute breathing, kind old Pan  
 Lulled us to sleep with the sounds he made.

Amaranth-bordered, the silvery waves  
 Of my father's flood rolled by at our feet;  
 While, floating up from their sea-green caves,  
 With rippling murmurs and laughter sweet,  
 The Naiads threw us with shining arms  
 Pearl and agate and amber sweet.

Ay me! the vision has past away  
 (It was but a vision like all the rest),  
 And the thunderer's child, wearied out with his play,  
 Nestles himself to sleep on my breast;  
 And the golden sunlight is sinking down  
 Over my Argive home in the west.

It seems to me long ages ago  
 Since I was a child in my father's halls,  
 Knowing nothing of pain or of woe;  
 Ere came the strange, mysterious calls  
 That changed the course of my life, and made  
 Them drive me forth from the city walls.

Such a few short years of gladness were mine,  
 Such long, long years of sorrow and pain,  
 While the messenger of the wrath divine  
 Hunted me, maddened in heart and brain,  
 Far away from the land of my birth—  
 Ay me! which I never may look on again.

As a leaf by the tempest blown

Long was I driven o'er land and o'er sea,  
Till I came where He, the Beneficent One,  
Who knows all things that ever shall be,  
Bound by Zeus with an adamant chain  
To the rock, hangs, wearied with agony.

Bending his large, calm eyes on me,  
(Calm, though the brow was furrowed with pain,)  
He spake of a rest which at last should be  
For my wearied feet and my tortured brain—  
Rest, in the land which the mighty Nile  
Waters, flowing down to the main.

What are my sorrows to his? for he hangs  
Bowed with a weight of unending woe,  
Ever gnawed at his heart by the fangs  
Of that winged hound of his tyrant foe—  
Comfort he has for others, but none,  
None for himself. . . .

I will arise from these wastes of sand,  
Like him will be strong and brave;  
Science and art will I spread through the land,  
Healing knowledge to soothe and to save—  
So fulfilling the will divine,  
Which left me alone by this restless wave.

Then shall the people far and near.  
Love me, and honour, and come to me,  
Crown me a Queen among them here,  
Mother of nations yet to be,  
Worshipped, deified, high enthroned  
By this wave that flows down to the sea.

---

#### THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

ALTHOUGH the English School of Painting is poorly represented in the Paris Exhibition, we must say that it shines with exceeding great light in Trafalgar Square. Sir Edwin Landseer has not only tardily accomplished his four lions for the Nelson Monument, but he has this year sent three pictures—Nos. 72,



124, and 144—to the Royal Academy, which not only prove that the artist has not been idle, but add, if possible, additional lustre to the crown long since awarded to the king of animals. The picture of Deer at Chillingham Park is so perfect that no praise of ours can raise it in popular estimation; while the Wild Cattle are so admirably drawn, painted, and grouped, that we have not space to enlarge on the intrinsic merits of the painter. The only painful picture exhibited by Sir E. L. is that of Her Majesty at Osborne; in it true grief is depicted with a life-like veracity, and we can only mourn with her who mourns. But although we do not like the picture, on the whole, *i.e.*, as a favourable representation of England's beloved Queen, we cannot deny that the horse's coat is magnificently painted; the old Highland attendant—we suppose him to be the real Gillie Brown himself—has also been done ample justice to, kilt and all; still, the picture is painful, and we will say no more about it. If comparisons were not odious, we should say at once that "The Poor, the Poor Man's Friend," No. 107, by Mr. T. Faed, is decidedly *the* picture of the Exhibition. In it we see distinctly how the working man may be and is the friend of his poorer brother. Those who have any insight into the poverty of agricultural labourers, or who have heard, in their district visiting expeditions, how hard it is for labourers with large families to make both ends meet at the end of the week, cannot fail to see the true genius which created the work of which we are speaking.

Mr. J. Faed also exhibits three pictures, of which No. 608, "The Stirrup Cup," is by far the best. The dog and horse are admirably painted; but the artist might, with propriety, have introduced a less buxom dame to administer the traveller's composing draught. As we are now in the north room, we must not leave it without noticing, in terms of the highest praise, a picture, No. 576, called "The Long Sleep," by Mr. Briton Riviere, B.A., of St. Mary Hall, Oxon; the design and execution of this picture, which represents an old man asleep and two faithful dogs trying to awaken him, are perfect. We have long watched Mr. B. Riviere's progress, and unhesitatingly predict for him that brilliant reputation to which, by his great genius, he has a right to aspire. The paint is so well laid on, the attitudes, both of the sleeper and of the "watch-dogs," are so eminently natural, that the painting, although badly hung, like the other contribution of Mr. Riviere's, cannot fail to attract the attention of all true lovers of art. Mr. Riviere's pictures are always worth going a long way to see, but this year he has surpassed



himself; and we not only congratulate the University of Oxford on the talent shewn by one of its *alumni*, but we hope to see the rising talent of the day worthily led by artists of the same stamp and pattern as Mr. B. Riviere. Mr. Maclise shines in the two pictures exhibited by him; he has chosen two Shakspearean subjects, and treated them in a most masterly manner. In the painting (No. 216) called "*A Winter Night's Tale*," the colouring is most effective. The old woman comes up to our preconceived notion of a witch; and in the other picture Othello's face is very expressive. Mr. T. Webster exhibits five perfect gems, which ought to be studied; the shaving piece is, to our mind, the best. Mr. Ward's three pictures, "*Summer*," "*Winter*," and "*Juliet in Friar Lawrence's Cell*," are quite up to the mark, the last-named exhibiting the artist's perfect power of adaptation to any subject. Maclise shows only two pictures, whereas Millais has five, of which "*Sleeping*" and "*Waking*" (Nos. 65 and 74) are the best. The picture "*Waking*" is, to our mind, one of the best in this year's academy; and we are glad to find that the artist has toned down or concealed many of the defects which gave his earlier Præ-Raffaelite pictures such a character for affectation and minimism. We will pass over Mr. Millais' picture of "*Master Cayley*," whoever he may be, and fearlessly assert that the pictures of Jephthah and of the "*Minuet*" fully show the wide-spread capacity of Mr. Millais' genius. The former Old Testament subject is difficult of treatment, and Mr. Millais has steered clear both of Scylla and Charybdis; the latter picture represents a pert, pretty little girl in red, practising the minuet, and some kind friend, probably a governess, playing to her on the piano. Mr. F. Walker represents the height of the ridiculous in a picture called "*The Bathers*." "*The Salmon Poachers Discovered*" is a most lovely picture by Mr. F. R. Lee, R.A.; and the *Lamplight Study of Herr Joachim*, although unfinished, is such a close representation of the antique that we cannot endorse the sweeping condemnation of the *Times*. Mr. Watts must be a master of his art, or he could not have given us such a portrait of Herr Joachim with so few touches of his brush. Why Sir Coutts and Lady Lindsay had a portrait of their hideous little baby exhibited is more than we can understand. Mr. Couzens gains no *κῶδος* from his work, and the parents no reputation for beauty. Mr. Gale's picture, No. 662, is well worthy of attention; and it is a great pity that "*Forbidden Fruit*," by one who is not a R.A. (Mr. Bottomley), is hung so high. There is a grand light about Mr. O'Neil's

"Titian's Evening Study," and the girls have lovely hair. Why are Nos. 664, 684, and 685 hung so high? They appear to deserve better places.

Mr. G. E. Hicks, who does not write A. or R.A. after his name, has a glorious picture of Mother and Child, with a quotation from Tennyson's *Enoch Arden*,—

"The rosy idol of her solitude."

Of the portraits we may mention that H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh has been done ample justice to by Mr. A. de Solomé, and that the Bishop of London and Cardinal Antonelli, by Messrs. Dickinson and Lehmann, are painted to the life. Mr. Desanges's portrait of "Rosalind" represents a pleasing girl, whose white satin dress and complexion are good; while Winterhalter has been fortunate in obtaining such a beauty as Mrs. Vanderbyl to sit to him. Mr. Sant is also peculiarly happy in the portraits he has had to paint; and M. Amiconi has been twice-blest in getting the ladies Edith and Constance Ashley, daughters of the Earl of Shaftesbury, to sit to him. Why on earth, we want to know, is it that all "ladies in high life" have hair of the same colour? "Artists in hair" are probably better up in ladies' secrets than we are. Of all the portraits, we commend for special notice those of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Prince Albert Victor, and the Prince George, painted by Mr. Tilt. The group is most pleasing, and the picture, as a golden mean between life size and pure miniature, worthy of imitation. We have said nothing of Ansdell, Prinsep, Ward, and many others; their pictures speak for themselves, and are worthy of the artists whose names they bear. Of the architectural drawings, the best are done by Mr. Pugin, and the worst by Messrs. Street and Spiers. Mr. Street exhibits a red brick design, which would not be tolerated in any country save England, where so-called "Ecclesiologists" carry out, to its fullest extent, the liberty of private judgment, and find their backers in those who either are, or profess to be, the real "Church" architects of England. We tremble for the safety of Bristol Cathedral when we find its nave placed in Mr. Street's hands; and we have still such a dread of his reredoses (in the style of St. Michael's, Oxford), that we are either too free or too dense to send in our allegiance to the propagator of red-tiled roofs, or the glaringly inconsistent critic of Lincoln Minster, Mr. G. G. Scott, who seems to have been prevented, by "previous engagements," from sending any new specimens of Vandalism to the Royal Academy.

## A MARRIAGE PUFF.\*

LONG marriage announcements in the *Times* are such expensive luxuries, that we cannot allow an advertisement of 10½ lines which appeared in the old maids' corner of May 6th to pass unnoticed.

Here is a fine specimen of Hibernian simplicity:—"On 30th April, at St. George's Church, Dublin, by the Very Rev. the Dean of Ardagh, cousin to the bridegroom, Captain R. Munro Dickenson, 10th Regiment, son of the late Robert Dickenson, Esq., of Kingstown, Co. Wicklow, to Emily Georgia, second daughter of the late John Parnell, Esq., D.L., of Avondale, Co. Wicklow, granddaughter of Rear-Admiral Charles Steward, U.S. navy, great-granddaughter of Sir John Parnell, Chancellor of the Irish Exchequer, and of the Hon. Hugh Howard, Bushy Park, brother to the Earl of Wicklow, and Colonel W. Tudor, aide-de-camp to General Washington, and grandniece of Sir Ralph Howard, Bart., and of the late Viscountess Powerscourt." The young lady's connexions are not satisfied with having made a military match for their protégée, but they give us more information than we can find in the pages of *Debrett*. We are first told, what is very natural, that the young lady is really the daughter of her father—surely in such an advertisement as this, the mother's married and maiden name might have been appropriately introduced; but we are next reminded that the blushing bride's grandfather was a Yankee Admiral, and as far as we can understand the advertisement at all, that her great-grandfather was a "Sir John Parnell," who, although he is designated, *à l'Irlandaise*, "Chancellor of the Irish Exchequer, and of the Hon. Hugh Howard, Bushy Park, (brother to the Earl of Wicklow), and Colonel W. Tudor, aide-de-camp to General Washington," is not to be found in *Debrett's* Baronetage or Knightage. Then the sentence means to tell us that the young lady either had three great-grandfathers, or, which is equally improbable, that the Hon. Hugh Howard, ("brother to the Earl of Wicklow,") and Colonel W. Tudor, ("aide-de-camp, &c.,") no less than the Irish Exchequer, possess a "Chancellor" of their own. What on earth does the writer of this eccentric advertisement mean? Was the extra-

\* *Times*, May 6th, 1867.

ordinary production sent to the *Times* by some disappointed suitor, who tried to wreak vengeance on the fair one for not accepting his frequent offers of heart and hand? Or are the inhabitants of the Green Isle so very verdant as to suppose that a man or a woman's value is raised in the estimation of English society, because he or she not only possesses an immense number of Irish cousins, but three great-grandfathers, besides a titled grand-uncle in the flesh, and a late grand-aunt, who might have been quoted either as the late Viscountess Powerscourt or as the Marchioness of Londonderry?

Inordinate puffing has made the fortunes of several large tradesmen; but let us hope that those who claim kindred with the Irish nobility will not add a penny to their rent-rolls by proclaiming in the columns of the *Times* their distant connexions, who, it is to be hoped, are not partakers in the pride of foolish young married people and their managing mothers, or of the disappointment of those blighted wall-flowers who may have attempted to heal the wounds inflicted on their mortified self-conceit, by turning into sheer ridicule the announcement of a ceremony of the most solemn importance.

#### THE MORALITY OF PETTY TRADESMEN.

At the present time, when certain stump-orators of Hyde Park notoriety are endeavouring to make Reform as much as possible a battle of class against class, and to array the labouring men on one side, and the "bloated aristocracy" on the other, it may not be out of place to remind the former combatants that much of the poverty which they almost hint will some day drive them to extremes, is due solely to the utter bondage in which they are held by a certain body of their own allies, viz., the petty tradesmen who supply them with their daily bread, and, with smiling, soapy faces, that would become a Honeyman or a Stiggins, weigh out for them day after day adulterated counterfeits of the necessary provisions of life, and never scruple to cheat them out of their last hard-earned penny. It is of no use mincing the matter now. It has attained to such a pass that nearly every one knows, from dearly-bought experience, that an honest tradesmen (that is to say, on a small scale, for the higher branches pay without a great stretching of the conscience,) is as

great a rarity as a charitable old maid who minds her own business, and does not talk scandal.

One very cool instance of a systematic way of making fifty per cent. over and above the regulated profits on a penny newspaper came under the writer's notice a few days ago. He was waiting at Holyhead Station, and took the latest *Standard*,—a day and a half old, by the bye,—from the bookstall, giving a penny to the man in charge, who unblushingly informed him that "they always charged three-halfpence to cover the carriage!" It is hardly consoling, in a case like this, to reflect that this worthy character's quiet little gain of only fifty per cent. on each newspaper that he sold very probably kept him supplied with Spurgeon's sermons, or some other teapotty effusions, from which to quote, with a reckless disregard of his h's, to his admiring relations on a Sunday afternoon.

We will now notice a favourite system of extortion prevalent throughout England, that of charging according to the means and quality of the buyer, especially when the latter has little or no option of procuring what he wants at another shop. If a gentleman enters a small tradesman's house, he may at once make up his mind to be well fleeced, as it appears to be a standard rule amongst these birds of prey to levy a tax on any thing approaching to gentility. On one occasion a tobacconist having charged just double the price of some bird's eye, coolly told the buyer,—who refused to submit to such a villainous imposition,—that "he had made a mistake, and thought he was a gentleman." So "gentlemen" are to be cheated right and left with impunity, and the poor imposed upon by false weights and measures, and all the countless tricks that are practised upon them, until some system of supervision, better adapted to the emergency than that at present in force, is instituted. It is not enough that the poor must drink beer-and-water, have sanded sugar, sloe-leaves for tea, and cabbage-leaves for tobacco, but the price they are compelled to pay for these filthily adulterated articles, when bought by retail, unfortunately leaves the working man in that state of poverty in which his feelings are easiest worked upon by the factious demagogue.

To remedy this evil, we want inspectors who will not be content, like Diogenes, with groaning at their vain endeavours to find an honest man, but who will come down with unrelenting rigour on all dishonest tradesmen, and try to work some sort of reform in the present wretched system.

For those we have just mentioned, it is fortunate that amidst

the agitation of the greater questions of the day, the upholders of the grand old Spartan and Athenian doctrines of morality in business have no power at present to make their voice heard above the roar of politics; but sooner or later such an increasing social evil must be brought into public notice; and then it is sincerely to be hoped that some stern Lycurgus will be the means of causing every dishonest tradesman to meet with punishment suited to his misdeeds.

J. N. E.

### THE VACANT PROFESSORSHIP OF POETRY.

"Poëta nascitur, non fit."

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD's term of office as Professor of Poetry is over; and we shall no more be entertained, let us hope, with the languishings, pocket-handkerchief whiskings, and eye-glass upholdings which seem to form that gentleman's idea of the *Ars Poetica*. The question is—who is to succeed him? The candidates are unusually numerous, for the subject is one in which many think themselves well up, and the professorship is comfortable. It involves no classes, unless indeed a new University Commission should ordain instruction in the noble art of *bouts-rimés*; and the professor is only required to give four lectures a year, which, of course, may be as mild as he likes. (We were deluded into attending one, which purported to treat of Celtic literature: when we were mostly favoured with the lecturer's feelings on beholding a Breton nursemaid in Wales, and the subject itself formed as conspicuous an item as the bread in Falstaff's bill.)

Who *is* to be our Poetry Professor? Tennyson refuses; Browning, who has been talked of, has not the necessary degree, so we shall be saved from the British brandy of that gentleman's libations to the muse. Ruskin, who would most probably have been chosen, has withdrawn. Sir Francis Doyle seems now to have the best chance. He has written some spirited *vers de société*, of which he sent a copy to all the common rooms, a proceeding rather in the commercial traveller line. Among the other candidates are the Dean of Emly, Dr. Kynaston, and a Mr. Reynolds, of Brasenose, who once wrote a prize poem. A Mr. Tyrwhitt (Vicar of St. Mary Magdalene, Oxford), who has written some verses in the *Cornhill*, has retired.

In any case, there does not seem much chance of obtaining a professor whose lectures will be worth listening to. If poor Clough were alive!—but his chance would have been infinitesimally small, for he was sadly heterodox, and, being also an honourable gentleman, scorned that judicious concealment which makes a man, in order to keep his fellowship, utter lies solemnly and in public.

In short there seems a “plentiful lack” of efficient men. As Dr. Lee and Mr. Moultrie are Ritualists they would not do; and the Ultramontanism of Aubrey de Vere would have been just as acceptable to the electors as the crotchets of those who do not accept the *vox populi* as the *vox Dei*.

Why does not the poet of Moses and Sons come forward, or the bard of Holloway? The former must feel the pressure of a suspension of payment, and the latter is possibly withheld by the same consideration which keeps Browning from the chair, or either of these well-known authors might prove a formidable rival to those already in the field.

Swinburne is not popular, and the “Poet Close” is better known than trusted. To whom can we look? To the Ladies? It is not Mr. Mill’s fault if we have not “Dowagers for Deans, and sweet girl graduates;” but in the present instance, unless a lady be appointed to the vacant office, we know of no Oxford graduate who is entitled to the pay or honours of the Professorship.

Newdegates have become “*bad* by degrees and beautifully *worse*,” like debates at the Union, ever since Mr. Claughton—we beg his pardon, the Bishop of Rochester, vacated the professorial chair. Oxford could not have had a worse professor than Mr. Matthew Arnold, whose sole merit is that his father was a great man. But before the day of election takes place, we think the University ought to satisfy itself as to the fitness of the present candidates. For ourselves, if we were in power, we should leave the office vacant altogether, till we could either get some good men in the field, or else appoint . . . . . a lady!

[N.B.—The Editor of the *Anti-Teapot Review* does not hold himself responsible for the sentiments contained in this article.]



## SHORT NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

*The Educator's Guide.* By R. H. MAIR. London: Dean and Son.

*The Quarterly Journal of Education.* London: T. J. ALLMAN. May, 1867.

*The Educator's Guide* is more calculated to misguide than any book we have ever had the misfortune to read. The author of it, who was for many years a scholastic agent in Covent Garden, must be up to all the "tricks of the trade," or he would not palm his experiences on an unsuspecting public with such unblushing effrontery. We believe that Mr. Mair was never very successful as an author, and his *Register of Vacant Scholastic Situations* is too well known to need any comment from us. The author of *The Educator's Guide* speaks rather disparagingly of the College of Preceptors; but if it be true that he stood for the Secretaryship, and did not succeed, we can easily understand the general tone and meaning of the present washy work.

*The Quarterly Journal of Education and Scholastic Advertiser*, may, for all we know to the contrary, prove a good commercial speculation; but we are utterly at a loss to find in it any articles of interest, either to those who are educating, or being educated. The promoter of the *Scholastic Gazette* was an agent, who cleverly succeeded in robbing his editor. The *Quarterly Journal of Education* is published by Mr. Allman, and is, therefore, commercially respectable. But, in a literary point of view, we find in it nothing new; and even the old subjects are hashed up by such third-rate cooks, that the *Quarterly Journal* cannot, for any length of time, attract the attention of the class to which it appeals for support.

*Coming Wonders Expected between 1867 and 1875.* By the Rev. M. BAXTER. London: Partridge.

We do not understand why this work was sent to our office. If the sender expected satire, he will not receive it; if he expected praise, the only praise we can give Mr. Baxter will be awarded when he retires from the realms of prophecy to the peaceful abode of Hanwell or Littlemore.

*Half Hours with the Best Authors.* Part 2. Remodelled and revised by CHARLES KNIGHT. London: Warne and Co. 1867.

We all owe much to Mr. C. Knight for the services he has ren-

dered to the literature of this country. Messrs. Warne and Co. have brought out many popular works, but none of more service than that of which No. 2 is before us. The illustrations and portraits are few and far between, but Messrs. Warne and Co. are giving the public a very good twelvepennyworth for its shilling.

*Cassell's and Routledge's Illustrated Volumes of Shakespeare* progress favourably, and are fully worth the small monthly pittance which they cost.

*The Purchase-System in the British Army.* By Sir C. E. TREVELYAN, K.C.B. London: Longmans, 1867.

Sir C. E. Trevelyan thoroughly exposes the evils of the purchase-system; but as he does not tell us how the present routine can be got rid of, or why English privates are likely to prove better commanders than English gentlemen, we must, until the peaceful millennium of Quakers dawns upon our benighted land, hold that, rotten as our present system may be, there must be some good in it, or a good, fat abuse could not have thriven so well as it has, with the results of Waterloo and the Crimea before us.

The time for revolutionizing the army system has not yet arrived; and when that *bête noire*, Parliamentary Reform, has been got rid of, we shall be glad to listen to the honest and well-meant theories of Sir E. C. Trevelyan, who seems to think that he must have an *Armilustrum* according to his own special "use," before the present army system can be placed on a proper footing.

*Chambers's Historical and Miscellaneous Questions.* London and Edinburgh: W. and R. Chambers.

This is a most useful work; a great improvement upon *Magnall*; and may unhesitatingly be pronounced as the best book of miscellaneous questions at present extant. The price is only 4s. 6d.

*Consercration: considered in its History, and its Influences on the Interests of the Working Man.* By E. S. THOROLD, Berkshire Chronicle Office, Reading.

This is an address delivered before the Reading Working Men's Conservative Association, and ought to be well circulated throughout the length and breadth of the land. The author is well up in his subject; and we hope that many waverers will make up their minds at once, as soon as they have read the thorough *exposé* which Mr. Thorold makes of the blessed brotherhood of Messrs. Bright, Beales, and Bradlaugh, who

seem to think that they are not only "the people of England," but the leaders of civilization beyond the little sphere in which they move. There are some misprints on page 6, which we hope to see corrected before the appearance of a second edition of this useful *brochure*.

*Chambers's Etymological Dictionary of the English Language*, by JAMES DONALD, is a very disappointing work, and suited only to those who can form a good pronunciation out of bad spelling.

*Black's Waverley Novels*.—*The Bride of Lammermoor*. Edinboro': A. and C. Black.

This marvellous sixpennyworth is out, and completes the first volume of one of the greatest and most praiseworthy literary enterprises of the present day. Those who have not an edition of the Waverley Novels in their libraries will do well to subscribe at once their sixpence a month to Messrs. Black's series. Another competitor (Mr. Hotten) is in the field; but his edition is not nearly so complete as that of Messrs. A. and C. Black.

*The Anthropological Review*, No. 17. London: Trübner & Co., maintains its character for ability, and contains some articles of interest to the general reader.

*Farewell Address*. By JAMES HUNT, Ph.D., F.S.A., F.A.S.L., &c., &c. London: Trübner & Co.

Mr. Hunt's address is well worth reading; our only regret is that Mr. Hunt makes no allusion to the signal failure of the persecutors of Mr. Eyre.

A pamphlet, entitled, *Truth is Catholic and Unsectarian*, has reached us; but, as it is not authenticated even by the name of the printer, we must pass it by as one of those numerous "religious"? publications which are better known than appreciated.

*The True Limits of Rubrical or Ceremonial Revival in Divine Service*, by the Rev. F. S. Bolton, and some other tractates of the same nature, have not only been published by request—like the dry sermons of borough clergymen—but have also been committed to the waste paper basket of many an unpretending editor.

Several "religious" newspapers have been sent to us. We find amongst the number, *Church Opinion*, a costly paper, price 3d., which professes to be to the Church world what *Public Opinion* is to the world at large. The price is too high to make the paper successful. *The Church News* and *Catholic Opinion*, two new papers, have recently been started; the former advocates

extreme Ritualism with more ability and good feeling than its contemporary, the *Church Times*; the latter represents the Roman Catholic school, from the *Liberal Chronicle* to the Ultramontane *Weekly Rubbish*, alias *Register*, with a zeal which is supposed to be impartial. *Le Figaro* is, we may mention, the only readable paper published in Paris, and for *Judy*, price 1½d., a kind of go-between *Punch* and *Fun*, we have nothing to say, except that the "wut" of the former, and the full ton weight of the latter, seem to be incorporated into its first issue.

#### ROUGH NOTES ON PARIS.

THE Paris Exhibition is now nearly completed, and it may literally be called a gigantic failure. If it be true that there is "nothing new under the sun," it is also true that during the stormy month of April we have seen nothing under the clouds of the Universal Exhibition which we could not have beheld in the shops of London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and St. Petersburg. With the exception of the French School, the pictures are scarcely worth looking at; England has paid a poor compliment to the Parisians in leaving her school comparatively unrepresented in the great competitive show. One Russian picture of an old Lithuanian woman deserves, and receives, great praise; but for a fair estimate of foreign pictures we must go through the French School, and study carefully the wondrous works exhibited by Rosa Bonheur and other artists whose names are not so well known to the English. When we say that Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur exhibits ten paintings we have offered a sufficient inducement to lovers of art to visit the French School. Madame Henriette Browne's industry has also been great, and we find at the Universal Exhibition eight pictures from one of the most universally admired French painters of the day. The painting, *Les Sœurs de Charité*, is rather too big, in fact, out of Madame Browne's beat; but her other pictures are most admirable. The battle pieces show no falling off in the spirit which animates certain French martial painters; Beaucé's great battle-piece of "Solferino" shows that Horace Vernet's style is still worthily represented by his fellow-countrymen. Desgoffe shines, as he always does, in fruits and jewellery; we do not think much of Dubufe's "Prodigal Son," the centrepiece is too sensual, though on the other hand, the remaining two are spiritual to a degree. Flandrin's picture of the Emperor is good. There are several other pictures which we cannot notice; but we should like to

ask M. Landelle if it is likely that women should go to sleep without clothes on: men generally prefer blankets and an *edredon*; but perhaps "they do these things better in France."

We have no room to describe the Exhibition properly. Let us remark that the dining and refreshment rooms are so numerous, and served by inhabitants of so many different countries, that an unsuspecting stranger must inevitably, should he breakfast in one, lunch in a second, and dine in a third, suffer from the new Parisian disease called International Indigestion. Our personal experience leads us to recommend the breakfasts of the *Diner Européen*, which cost half a crown, wine included. Spiers and Pond are, of course, represented, (what name, or what firm is not represented?) but as a glass of Bitter Beer costs three-pence in each department, our advice to strangers is, "Stick to French living and French breakfasts while you are in France;" in other words, when you are at Rome do as the Romans. The *salon d'écriture* is really a great acquisition to literary men; in it, for the small charge of half a franc, one finds pen, ink, and paper to any amount. For ourselves, we think the move good; but smoking *must* be allowed, and the proprietor will find our remarks true in the long run. Let no one who visits the Exhibition fancy that innumerable cabs and omnibuses will be ready, either at the Porte Rapp or Labourdonnaye to convey him safely home. The carriage department has not been well organized in Paris.

Beyond and above all, let Englishmen recollect that, although an "Anglo-American Church" has been opened in Paris solely for this "season," Mr. Archer Gurney has borne the whole brunt of the battle, in having the English Church efficiently represented in Paris for several years. It is high time that the English ambassador, and other rich inhabitants of Paris, be told that a subscription of 300 francs is only equal to £12; and that in any country town in England even those who hold the low standing of country doctors, solicitors, or parliamentary agents, are always willing to subscribe at least £25 when any mere parochial restoration is contemplated. M. Haussman has a boulevard named after him; he has also offered a site for the Anglo-American Church. Let us hope that he will hand the present building over to Mr. Archer Gurney, who, from his zeal, ability, and labour, deserves warmer support than that accorded to him by English Sabbatarians abroad, *i.e.*, Englishmen who keep all their religion bottled up for use on the English (or Scotch) Sabbath, and dissipate its principles as soon as they cross *la Manche*.

THE  
**BATH AND CHELTENHAM GAZETTE,**

Published every Tuesday and Wednesday Mornings,

PRICE TWOPENCE AND THREEPENCE.

By means of this journal the inhabitants of Bath and Cheltenham can be reached through the same medium. The cheapest paper in Bath, it is believed to be the most extensively circulated, and has been found to be a most effective medium for literary announcements of every kind; while the Monday Market Edition gives it an exclusive advantage, a fact which the proprietor begs to bring afresh before the Auctioneers, Solicitors, and all interested in the Sale or Letting of Property. *Mitchell's Newspaper Press Directory*, a work regarded as an authority on the subject of Newspaper statistics, writes as follows of the *Bath and Cheltenham Gazette*:—"An edition of this paper is published on Monday evening, containing that day's corn and cattle markets, which is very favourably received in the counties of Somerset, Wilts, and Gloucester, thus ensuring a special agricultural circulation in addition to its usual issues in Bath and other towns."

---

ALL ADVERTISEMENTS APPEAR IN THE TWO EDITIONS FOR ONE CHARGE.

---

G. H. WOOD, PROPRIETOR.

PUBLISHING OFFICE, 12, OLD BOND STREET, BATH.

---

**HUNGARIAN WINE.**

---

**MR. MAX GREGER,**

(FROM HUNGARY.)

SOLE PROPRIETOR OF

**THE DEPOT FOR GENUINE HUNGARIAN WINES,**

Begs to inform the public that he has appropriated a convenient room above his vaults, at 7, MINCING LANE, E.C., London, where every description of Hungarian Wines can be tasted free of any expense.

Ready for supply, sample dozen cases, each containing two bottles of six different kinds of such wines, which are highly recommended by the Medical Faculty. Prices at 24s., 30s., 36s., and 42s. per case. Carriage free. Cash on delivery.

Country Orders to be accompanied by P. O. O. or cheques crossed the East London Bank.

---

**SAMUEL DEACON & Co.,** Advertisement Agents, Agents for the insertion of Advertisements in Newspapers, Magazines, &c., 154, Leadenhall Street, Cornhill, City. Estimates given for a series of Advertisements in any Paper or Papers. A complete List of Newspapers sent on application. All Advertisements for the *ANTI-TEAPOT REVIEW* to be sent to the above Address.

*Advertisements.*

---

**WHAT WILL THIS COST TO PRINT?**

An immediate answer to this inquiry may be obtained of

**R. BARRETT & SONS, 13, MARK LANE, LONDON,** where every description of Letterpress, Lithographic, and Copper-plate Printing is executed on reasonable terms; the various departments being replete with the most modern appliances for the production of superior work, comprising New Founts of BOOK and FANCY TYPES, Powerful STEAM PRINTING and CUTTING MACHINES, HYDRAULIC and other PRESSES, &c., offering to those intending to Print a Book, Pamphlet, Posting Bill, Circular, Card, &c., equal and unusual advantages.

A choice assortment of OLD-FACED LETTER, now so frequently chosen by authors of taste, is included in the Plant, and will be found eminently suitable for Prayer-books, Hymnals, Church Services, Missals, Choir Notices, &c., in black and red or more colours of ink.

A Specimen Book of Types, and information for authors, sent on application to

**R. BARRETT & SONS, 13, MARK LANE, CITY.**

---

**ANTI-TEAPOT REVIEW.**

**JOURNAL** Politique, Littéraire, et Artistique. Prix 6d. Editée par les Membres des Universités. Les Avertissements pour être insérés dans le numéros 14 doivent être envoyés à Mr. DEACON, 154, Leadenhall Street, Londres. La Revue est exposée à l'Exposition Universelle à Paris.

**HERBERT J. PIKE, Tailor, Robe Maker, Hatter, and Shirt Maker,** having been appointed by the President as the Oxford Agent to the Anti-Teapot Society, is prepared to supply the authorised uniforms of the A. T. S. Boat and Cricket Clubs.

H. T. PIKE, 2 and 3, Turl Street, Oxford.

**NOW OUT,** Price 1s. per dozen (1s. 1d. per post), the **ANTI-TEAPOT MONOGRAM**, a mediæval lithograph in red, a suitable Book-plate for members for the A. T. S.

Address, inclosing stamps, to J. STEPHENS, Lithographic Printer, 5, Cadogan Terrace, Reading.

---

**P**RESENTATION Books, Almanacks, Pocket Books, &c.

**JAMES GOLDER'S, LONDON ROAD WEST, READING.**

Bookbinding and Printing on the premises.

---

**Royal Hospital for Incurables.**

TO THE GOVERNORS AND SUBSCRIBERS.

MY LORDS, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN,—The favour of your Votes and Interest is earnestly solicited on behalf of

**THOMAS WREN,**

Aged 16 Years,

Who was for Eight years in the Infant Orphan Asylum, Wanstead, and was one of the most promising lads in that excellent Institution; a year before he left he was seized with Paralysis and Epilepsy; all was done for him that kindness and medical knowledge could suggest; he has been living the last two years with his Widowed Mother (who has four other children), has gradually got worse, and is now pronounced completely incurable.

**The Case is strongly recommended by**

HARRY BROWN, Esq., Esq., 84, Wood Street, Cheapside.

HORACE MARSHALL, Esq., 6, Clifton Villas, Loughborough Road, Brixton.

RICHARD WHITE, Esq., 16, York Terrace, Queen's Road, Peckham.

G. B. BRITTEN, Esq., 11, Friday Street, Cheapside.

Mrs. HENRY WHITE, 9, Dartmouth Villas, Forest Hill.

Miss ELIZA S. JAMES, 7, Dalston Place, Dalston Rise.

By whom Proxies will be thankfully received; also by the lad's Uncle, Mr. H. S. WREN, 168, Queen's Road, Dalston.



*Advertisements.*

---

**HÔTEL DE LONDRES ET DE NEW YORK,  
PLACE DU HAVRE, PARIS.**

CHARDON, PROPRIETOR.

Visitors to Paris will find this Hotel most conveniently situated near the Madeleine, Champs Elysées, and the Railway for Dieppe, Havre, St. Cloud, Versailles, Bois de Boulogne, and the Exhibition.

Arrangements will be made during the Exhibition season for Board, Lodging, Lights, and Attendance, which will never EXCEED 12s. per day.

---

**THE ANTI-TEAPOT SOCIETY'S WINES,**

IMPORTED BY J. O'C. BYRNE,

24, MARK LANE, LONDON, E.C.,

OF WHOM PRICE LISTS AND FULL PARTICULARS MAY BE OBTAINED.

See Advertisement in A. T. R., No. 7.

---

**FARBROTHER CRICKET CLUB.**

*President.*

HENRY F. FARBROTHER, PRESIDENT A.T.S., &c., &c.

*Vice-President.*

SIR CHARLES RUSSELL, M.P., V.C., Swallowfield, Reading.

F. R. FARBROTHER, Esq., B.A., Trinity College, Dublin.

J. NEWTON EMRA, Esq., R.M.L.I., Woolwich.

H. ORMSBY, Esq., B.A., Eldon Road, Reading.

*Captain.*

A. J. GUNDRY.

*Secretary and Treasurer.*

F. G. BULLEY,

To whom applications for Membership, and all Subscriptions, should be addressed,  
8, Russell Terrace, Reading.

---

THE 12TH NUMBER OF THE

**ANTI-TEAPOT REVIEW,**

*(Edited by Members of the Universities.)*

CONTENTS:—Unfounded Dislikes—The Anti-Slavery Society and Mr. Eyre—Cholera in London and the Provinces—Choice, Advertisements—Fenianism—The Soldier's Dream—Idem Latine.

London: HOULSTON & WRIGHT, 65, Paternoster Row, E.C. Oxford: SLATTER & ROSE, 2 & 3, High Street. Reading: GOLDER, London Road West.

Order through all Booksellers.

Advertisements received by S. DEACON & Co., 154, Leadenhall Street, E.C.

Volume I., Price 7s., half-bound, with red edges, may be had of the  
Publishers.

# THE ANTI-TEAPOT REVIEW,

Edited by Members of the Universities.

## Opinions of the Press.

"We are glad to see that cant and all sorts of shams are likely to be smartly lampooned in this new publication, for we discover in its pages some effective satire. Good satirists are to-society what doctors are to the sick; and we wish all success to our caustic friends in their honest crusade against what is false and hollow in our social system."—*Public Opinion*.

"The *Review* is very smartly written, and is worthy the attention of all University men who care to see how the current of thought is now setting in their Alma Mater." *Standard*.

"The articles are of a most amusing character, exceedingly well written, and evidently with the object of checking humbug in every kind, in whatever shape it may present itself. It well deserves the support and confidence of the public, and is a movement in the right direction and undertaken by able hands."—*Oxford Times*.

"Very humorous."—*Reading Mercury*.

"The first number explains the exact meaning of the terms Teapot and Anti-Teapot."—*Guardian*.

"The distinct and definite purpose is carried out with considerable ability in the number before us, and gives fair promise that this new candidate for public favour will do good and effective service in exposing some of the shams which characterise the present age."—*Oxford Chronicle*.

"That clever and spirited publication, *The Anti-Teapot Review*, has an article on 'Reform at Reading.'"—*Berkshire Chronicle*.

"The magazine contains within it a good deal of humour, much earnestness, plenty of talent, and no small display of the evidences of good scholarship."—*Sun*.

"The articles are written with great ability."—*Cambridge Independent Press*.

"The literary matter is characterised by a smartness and piquancy which never descends into coarseness or vulgarity, and the sound common sense that runs through every page is mingled with a vein of genuine humour which is sure to gratify and amuse the reader."—*Oxford Chronicle*.

"The *Review* has a most excellent object in view—the exposure of all shams in Church and State, which are supposed to have an affinity to tea and scandal."—*Norwich Spectator*.

"As a protest against all sorts of shams and delusions, it has our hearty good wishes."—*Brighton Herald*.

"The clever *Anti-Teapot Review*."—*Bury Free Press*.

\* N.B.—This paper, the organ of Reading Radicals and Teetotalers, condescends to recommend the A. T. R. in a literary notice which, taken as a whole, condemns Anti-Teapotism.

London : HOULSTON & WRIGHT. Oxford : SLATTER & ROSE. Reading : GOLDBER.  
Advertisements are received by S. DEACON & Co., 154, Leadenhall Street, E.C.

**THE PARIS EXHIBITION.—TO TOURISTS AND VISITORS TO THE EXHIBITION.**—We intend in our next number to expose mercilessly all shams, exorbitant charges, and other specimens of Teapotism. Travellers are therefore requested to forward to the Editor A. T. R., 65, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., the originals of bills in which black mail has been levied on them, and to report at once any cases of imposition which they have met with from hotel keepers, tradesmen, or others. Each communication must be authenticated by the name and address of the sender, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

# The Press

AND

## ST. JAMES'S CHRONICLE,

EVERY SATURDAY, PRICE 3D. ; STAMPED 4D.

Annual Subscription (in advance), 13s. ; stamped, 17s. 4d.

The "PRESS" and "ST. JAMES'S CHRONICLE" have been amalgamated, and will, in a united form, continue to defend the great national institutions of the country in the sense of preserving all that is useful and operative, favouring only such readaptations or reforms as are in keeping with the spirit of the Constitution, and rendered necessary by social and legislative changes. Both journals are too well and too widely known to require special commendation, and, relying on their claims for present and future support, a career of extended usefulness is confidently anticipated. In all the essential features of a newspaper the efficiency of the journal will be increased, and, with the view of bringing it within a larger range of readers, the price will in future be the same as that of our daily contemporaries, namely,—Threepence, unstamped ; Fourpence, stamped.

The "PRESS AND ST. JAMES'S CHRONICLE" is published every Saturday morning in time for the early mails. A Second Edition, containing the Latest Telegrams and other news, is published at Two o'clock in the afternoon.

### ADVERTISEMENTS.

#### SCALE OF CHARGES.

	£	s.	d.
Trades ... ..	0	0	6 a line.
Prospectuses ... ..	0	0	9 "
One column ... ..	3	0	0
Births, Deaths, Marriages ... ..	0	2	6

Communications respecting subscription or advertisements should be addressed to GEORGE SLATER, *Press and St. James's Chronicle* Office, 13, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London.

THE  
Churchman's Shilling Magazine,  
AND  
FAMILY TREASURY.

CONDUCTED BY THE REV. R. H. BAYNES, M.A.,

Vicar of St. Michael and all Angels, Coventry;

Editor of the "Lyra Anglicana," "English Lyrics," &c. &c.

---

THE CHURCHMAN'S SHILLING MAGAZINE AND  
FAMILY TREASURY

is intended to supply a need which has long been felt of a Monthly Serial which shall be welcomed by the various members of a Christian home. It will contain Articles on the Religious and Social Questions of the day, Reviews of New Books and Publications, Poems written expressly for its pages, and a Story, intended to interest the younger members of the family.

The First number will contain Articles written by—

ABRAHALL, The Rev. J. HOSKYNs,  
M.A., Incumbent of Combe Longa,  
late Fellow Linc. College, Oxon.  
ALEXANDER, The Very Rev. W.,  
M.A., Dean of Emly.  
ARNOLD, Rev. F., M.A.  
BRODRICK, The Rev. ALAN, B.A.,  
Vicar of Bramshaw.  
CAMBRIDGE, Miss ADA.  
COWELL, H. VON DER HYDE, B.A.

Dix, W. CHATTERTON.  
FORD, CHARLES LAWRENCE, B.A.  
LEE, Rev. ALFRED T., LL.D.  
LESTER, J. W., D.D.  
SAVILLE, Rev. B. W., M.A.  
ST. JOHN, ARTHUR, M.A., Oxon.  
STONE, Rev. J. F.  
WINTERBOTHAM, Rev. R., LL.B.  
The EDITOR.  
AND OTHERS.

The First Number will also contain Four Chapters of "THE OLD STORY," a Tale by Miss ADA CAMBRIDGE, Author of "Hymns on the Holy Communion," &c.

---

LONDON: HOULSTON & WRIGHT, 65, PATERNOSTER ROW.